



# KRS-ONE

THE MIX TAPE

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Ova Here"

### [Intro]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

### [Interlude]

Blaow Blaow!!! Blaow Blaow!!! Clear em out clear 'em out!!! Word!

### [Verse 1]

Yo Nelly! You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal  
Your whole style sounds like a N'Sync commercial  
Ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus  
Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status  
With this ugly lookin billboard you could stop them  
But I got enough albums to make my own top ten  
You limited, like the spread of traffic  
You bite my style off the radio so when you speak you bet I hear the static  
You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises  
One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses  
Of course it is ridiculous  
Watch out, I begin to curve indispicuous  
Gotcha! On your, hands and knees  
Ain't it about time for some real emcees?

### [Chorus]

The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)  
The real hip hop is ova (Here!!!!)

### [Verse 2]

(Uh!) Uh! We on the hunt tonight  
When you see me comin, I don't front I fight  
People say I'm contradictin, cause I'm all about peace  
To say the least with a violent history  
It ain't no mystery these rappers wanna get with me  
My people don't see that all they hear is stop hittin me, huh  
Stop beatin me Chris, you want to help my career Nelly?  
Well you can help if you don't exist, huh  
I think it's 'bout time we stop these pop rappers  
Fuck these pop rappers, hip hop does matter to me  
Does it matter to you? My crew  
If it does, you know what the hell to do  
Throw your guns in the air, pump it like yeah  
Let these bitch ass rappers know we in here  
Go to the shows huh, boo 'em off stage  
Tell 'em KRS told you they at the end of they days

Let me tell you let's give hip hop a lift  
And don't buy Nelly's album on June twenty fifth  
That'll send a message to all them sellouts  
House nigga rapper, your bottom done fell out  
You don't even know how  
I told you I wasn't talkin about you then, but I'm talkin about you now!  
Blaow! one to the kness, blaow one goes right through  
Even St. Louis don't like you!!!!

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Things Is About To Change"

Word.. we stand out, word  
We don't wanna sound like that bullshit

Let 'em all be aware, not at all will I care  
You gotta know it's about the flow when you comin in here  
Not how long is your hair, but how long were you here  
How many dues you paid, crews you slayed, yeah  
How many clubs you done rocked, f'real  
You ever rocked outside with cats poppin they steel?  
You fake like Ma-Ma-Ma-Max Headroom  
You go from the bedroom to the studio back to the bedroom  
We be on the front line, pavin the way  
for you to do what you do, get what you get, say what you say  
Flip what you flip, play what you play at the Grammy's  
But you don't represent our family, you a thief!

All up and down the East coast  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE  
All up and down the West coast, down in the South  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE  
All up top and in North Canada, make some noise  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE  
All my cats in London, Birmingham, Brixton, word!  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Join the campaign to rearrange the rap game  
Don't look at me like I'm insane, the facts remain plain  
You to blame, when you take it in vein  
The gains and struggles and pains of those that already came  
From the beginning we tried to attain, the money and fame  
That's not new to the game, it's still the same  
But what seems to change is the loyalty  
Rappers degrade hip-hop for a royalty  
It's all about me and my click and we ballin G  
But we fallin, stallin our callin to be free  
You can't see, they're gonna judge our poetry  
in two-thousand and twenty-three, where will your money be?  
Where will your Benz be? Your friends be?  
Your beginnin be? Your end be? Gently  
You tell me to my face my style you envy  
But behind my back you condemn me, you a thief!

All out in Germany, Africa  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE  
Word up, hip-hop, join the nation, movin!  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE  
Word up, all them fake-ass whack rappers, word up!  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

Tell 'em, go to they shows and let 'em know it's like this  
THINGS IS ABOUT TO CHANGE

For sure, it's the people that defend me  
Yeah you on MTV, but did you know Ted Demme?  
What about Fab 5 Freddy, Red Alert?  
You not ready.. ready.. ready.. [fades]

*[ends with sound of glass shattering]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Splash"

Word up! It's just a little somethin to tide you over, word up  
The "KRStyle" album comin soon, KRS-One all in the room  
We gonna bounce these cats this year, word up  
Why they do this? Ha - yo, yo

I climb up the back of rappers  
Reach over they head, and rap backwards at 'em  
Excuse me madam, I used to throw these uzis at 'em  
But I'm a teacher, skills I truly have 'em  
These clubs I duly pack 'em  
Potential lawyers engineers and doctors, I do attract 'em  
Go to your professors and ask 'em  
if the songs of the "Edutainment" in college they didn't blast 'em  
Yes - I'm that ancient one  
I set the framework for today's rappers to make they funds  
But no you don't know me son  
My facial features matches the Sphinx with it's nose redone  
You know how many clubs we done rocked?  
You know how many guns we done popped?  
You know how many funds we done dropped?  
You know how many ones we done got?  
We been gettin live since the days of Chubb Rock  
We know how to survive; these other cats  
be in at nine o'clock then be out at five, uhh  
We doin the overtime, on stage I over-rhyme  
Makin these whack rappers tow the line  
Steppin to me, I know you blind; cause your whole flow  
your show, your style, you know it's all mine!  
The first time you learned to spit  
It was either me, Kane, Rakim or Slick Rick!

*[water splashes]*

Welcome to the "KRStyle"  
This year I had to switch styles and bust off two miss-iles  
And that's not all, rappers have the gall  
To pray and pray for my downfall - but still in all  
I have X amount of lyrics to get 'em all  
Live at the club I spit 'em all  
Rappers backstage lookin sad and piti-fal  
Cause they know I'm the pinna-ble and they mini-mal  
I spit the metaphysical, the spiritual  
The oracle, the lyrical, the oratorical  
Rookie! I'll mop the floor witcho'  
I'm the lyrical foundation to all your flows  
All your clothes, all your shows and I'm not alone  
You wouldn't even know how to hold the mic or the phone  
You couldn't even bite on the bone  
While we was rockin mics out in Rome

Now you hyped cause you grown?  
You know we internationally known, the people love it  
But what they learnin bout is on the whole, look above it  
    But let us get back to what we call hip-hop  
    Before you whack rappers went pop  
        *[water splashes]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Down The Charts"

You cats still worried about chart position  
It's the heart that your missin  
It's the art that your missin  
Just a little something to hold yall over  
The Kristal album on the way, word up

When you're number one, everybody come  
But when you drop to two everybody still with you  
But when you drop to three everybody want to see  
But when you drop to four everybody still endures  
But when you drop to five people will help you strive  
When you drop to six you still in every mix  
But when you drop to seven people start guessin  
When you drop to eight people hesitate  
But when you drop to nine thats when you start to find  
That when you drop to ten you start to lose your friends  
When you drop to eleven your record stop sellin  
When you drop to twelve it's everyone for themselves  
So when you drop to thirteen you stop working  
When you drop to fourteen no more self esteem  
You drop to fifteen cuz you lived and you seen  
When you drop to sixteen you now out the scene  
When you drop to seventeen you see things you never seen  
Like when you drop to eighteen you know what it mean  
So drop to nineteen and on then to twenty  
At nineteen you lose your honey  
At twenty your money to a Playboy bunny  
At twenty one things ain't funny  
At twenty two you don't know what to do  
So you hit twenty three you look for security  
So you drop to twenty four no more can you endure  
When you drop to twenty five at the bottom you've arrived  
When you drop to twenty six you in a old school mix  
When you drop to twenty seven until you start steppin  
When you drop to twenty eight you start to meditate  
When you drop to twenty nine you expand your mind  
When you drop to thirty you see it was all dirty  
No you drop to thirty two and it occurs to you  
When you hit thirty three now you can see  
That it's all about skill and a love for the art  
Not whose above or whose below in the chart  
You got to look in your heart  
It's there where you start  
I and hip hop are never ever ever apart  
WORD!!



# KRS-One Lyrics

"The Message 2002"

(feat. Shuman)

Uh-ha! Uh-ha!  
Another Inebriated beat  
You know what time it is, straight for the street  
KRS-One, hold tight! Look, look

*[Chorus 1: KRS-One]*

Crack - don't mess with that  
Speed - don't mess with that  
It's whack - don't mess with that  
Greed - don't mess with that  
Knowledge - yeah, mess with that  
God - yeah, mess with that  
College - yeah, mess with that  
A job - yeah, mess with that  
Look look; dealing - don't mess with that  
Crying - don't mess with that  
Stealing - don't mess with that  
Lying - don't mess with that  
Meditation - mess with that  
Forgiveness - mess with that  
Education - mess with that  
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

*[Verse 1: KRS-One]*

I rhyme for respect y'all, intellect y'all  
Not sex y'all, move that neck y'all, correct y'all  
Checks y'all, cash y'all, don't last y'all  
With cops y'all to blast y'all, harass y'all  
Flash y'all as they pass y'all, through the glass y'all  
These videos gas y'all cause they trash y'all  
I ask y'all this fact y'all  
Unaired y'all, these cops y'all they scared y'all  
They fear y'all they hear y'all they hate y'all  
Less than 40,000 a week, they make y'all  
Cops y'all with black feet, livin from week to week  
Walk crooked beats in the streets y'all  
They greet y'all with the heat y'all, to defeat y'all  
It's deep y'all, hear what I teach y'all, and speak y'all

*[Chorus 2: KRS-One]*

Hate - don't mess with that  
Trends - don't mess with that  
[?] - don't mess with that  
Revenge - don't mess with that  
Truth - yeah, mess with that  
Skills - yeah, mess with that  
Proof - yeah, mess with that

Build - yeah, mess with that  
Wars - don't look for that  
Freaking - don't look for that  
Whores - don't mess with that  
Cheating - don't mess with that  
G.E.D. - mess with that  
Science of mind - mess with that  
Family - mess with that  
Hip-Hop - we lovin that

*[Verse 2: Shuman]*

Yeah, yo.. aiyyo, yo

Who seein us, with an overdose level of free in us  
They bring the heat to us  
They don't really want the beat in us  
Take heed to us  
While they plottin and schemin to be deletin us  
Best believe in us, they not defeatin us  
Them glocks wanna bust  
With twenty-one shots to put the leak in us  
So they can bloody the street with us  
What does it mean to us  
You know what they need from us  
Give cream to us, hide the lies and deceit from us  
That doesn't equal us  
Who's ready to get in the Jeep with us  
Form a fleet with us and take back the street with us  
Meet with us, drop bombs in the street with us  
Never saw it comin, attack on the sneak with us  
Thus, they can't compete with us  
We flow through your veins like DJ's  
When they cut, you'll be bleedin us  
I came with Kris to heat it up  
Showin my body's the temple, hip-hop is the lock  
Now put the key in us

*[Chorus 1]*

*[Verse 3: KRS-One]*

Truth y'all, facts y'all, proof y'all, black y'all  
Time to check this map y'all, are we goin back y'all?  
Let's make a pact y'all, come together watch your back y'all  
Stay in tact y'all, never whack - gimme dap y'all  
Comin at y'all, headcrack y'all with the facts y'all  
Police y'all, on the attack y'all if ya black y'all  
So if this is fact y'all, when we rap y'all  
over the track y'all, why we rap about crack y'all?  
That's whack y'all, we trapped y'all  
Holdin the gat y'all just to kill another black y'all  
Clak clak clak y'all, it's like that y'all  
KRS-One yo, let's take it back y'all, listen!

*[Chorus 2]*



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Problemz"

Yeah man, yo Marla what's up  
Yeah, Inebriated Beats, big up Boston, the whole Boston  
Edo.G what's up man? I got you  
We gon' bounce this now, can I start? Can I start?  
Here we go

I'm the newest and the truest MC on the mic  
I wrote over 500 songs, pick what you like  
It ain't easy bein me, by day or night  
But it's easy bein free to recite what you like  
Hip-Hop is my inalienable right  
When it comes to emceein KRS is a whole different type  
Now go get it right, did I flow spit it tight  
In a fight I was the type to go get a pipe  
BINK! BINK! BINK! BINK! Movin 'em back  
BINK! That's the sound of an aluminum bat  
But it seems they new to these facts  
Which means they new to the tracks  
Which means they do hold us back  
Too new to know all that but still runnin they trap  
Do the math, radio gets a 20 record a week stream  
But only three are ever seen  
What happens to the other 17?  
It's a PROBLEM.. PROBLEM..  
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!  
We gotta solve it

Too many players and not enough crime  
When they finally wake up they woulda ran out of time  
They can't see today how they effect tomorrow  
Too afraid to follow, cause they trust is hollow  
Because according to the laws they'll harp some sorrow  
Yo, "Victory Over the Streets" - that's our motto  
But if people ain't got no vision, that's a PROBLEM..  
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!  
We gotta solve it

People say, "Kris - why you teach so much?  
Why you preach so much? Why you speak and such?  
Why you so bent on reachin each of us?"  
I reply - because you eatin with us  
In the future our children will be meetin with us  
Have a seat then with us and start speakin with us  
They'll be critiquin us to be sure they believe in us  
We don't need a PROBLEM..  
PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!  
We gotta fix it

We live non-toxic, we teach that hip-hop is  
the transformation of all subjects and objects  
Retrain your optics, to reinterpret the topics  
We gotta stop treatin hip-hop like a product  
and more of a strategy; I got graphs, charts  
sacred textbooks, these cats can't battle me  
But they try, and why? Cause that's a PROBLEM..

PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta fix that

These cats need history to get with me  
But hip-hop's history's a mystery  
So how they gonna find out, trial and error  
We can make one the example for all to get better

Inform, KRS is not the norm  
I go from hot to warm to cold to hot  
But hip-hop's history many forgot  
And that's a PROBLEM..

PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta solve that

*[interlude beat]*

PROBLEM.. PROBLEM IN HIP-HOP TODAY!

We gotta fix that

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Ova Here (Remix)"

[KRS-One: speaking live]

First of all, I don't know WHO, y'all saw on this stage before me (aight)

I don't know WHO, y'all gonna see on this stage after me (true)

But THIS, is REAL.. HIP.. HOP! Worrrrd UP!

I'm gonna find out tonight, where the real hip-hop

[Intro: live response]

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[Interlude]

Bla-blaow! Bla-blaow!

Clear 'em out, clear 'em out - word!

[scratching:] "Aww yeah!", "The real hip-hop, is ova here"

[scratching:] "KRS, come get up in they asses"

[Verse 1]

You ain't Fo'Reel and you ain't Universal

Your whole style sounds like a infomercial

You ignoramus, I'm the baddest with the mic apparatus

Challengin the God of rap is madness, I'll snatch your status

With these elders lookin at Billboard you could stop them

But I got enough albums to make my OWN top ten!

You limited, like the spread of traffic

You bite my style off the radio

so when you speak in fact I hear the static

You better Chillout like Chuck, I kick like three Norrises

One of my sixteen bar rhymes is eight of your choruses

Of course it is, ridiculous

Watch out, I be in the club inconspicuous

Gotcha, on your, hands and knees

Ain't it about time for some real MC's?

[Chorus: live response]

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

The real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

Real hip hop is (ova here!!!!)

[KRS-One]

Yo yo, Beatminerz, turn up the track a little bit

Gonna do this right now

[Verse 2]

Remix it, don't re-fix it

First brigade, second brigade - all swords lifted

Formation, classified information  
Code red rhyme style accurate articulation  
Don't test my foreign relation  
The cats in Brixton, Birmingham and London just waitin  
Got my cats in France like ill  
Even Africa's laughin at'cha right along with Brazil  
The West Indies? Jus' wan fi kill  
Got Canada mad at'cha, Germany heard of me, they seen the skill  
Hip-Hop is more than a thrill to us  
A dollar bill to us, believe you will trust in that  
Cause if you bust at me, on TV, CD  
Internet trust that, I WILL BUST BACK  
I turn down heat real quick, when I spit  
you need the medicine what I speak is so sick  
Then again these veteran be better than many men  
Forever we hit 'em again better than ANY trend they could ever say  
In any season, hot warm cold or freezin  
When it comes to MCin, we believe in rhymin for a different reason  
No frontin, my rhyme style tells you somethin  
They rhyme style tells you who they freakin  
But you was already told - what does it profit a man  
to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Preserve The Kulture"

[audience clapping, beat starts]

We've been having these gatherings for over 12 years

Uhh, my first one, was ah at Latin Quarters in 1987

with Afrika Bambaataa - he threw the first one, that I attended

We kept the tradition going through the Stop the Violence Movement

Through Human Education Against Lies, Rhythm Cultural Institute

And now the Temple of Hip-Hop

This is Hip-Hop's spiritual base

And as a spiritual base, we look to guide the youth in that discipline

Uhh, no culture is a culture, unless it has principles

unless it has morals, unless - we are unified

in some sort of principle, something we are not going to step beyond

Something that defines us

What I'd like to do, is just for a moment as we.. deal with this

Think about your role in Hip-Hop

Think about what you do everyday in Hip-Hop

This is not about right now

It's about twenty years from now

It's about ten years from now

The tapes are rolling, the notes are being taken

This is the type of thinking we have to get into

if this is going to survive and last

So again, Hip-Hop Appreciation Week, is a time of self-reflection

A time for Hip-Hoppers to ask,

"What am I doing, to preserve the culture?" [echoes]